Enter the Herald.

Gods will what meanes this? knowſt thou not
That we haue fined theſe bones of ours for ranſome?
Her. I come great King for charitable fauour,
To ſort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the fielde lye ſpoiled and troden on,
Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I do not know whether the day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keepe the field.
Her. The day is yours.
Kin. Praiſed be God therefore:
What Caſtle call you that?
Her. We call it Agincourt.
Kin. Then call we this the fielde of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Criſpin, Criſpianus.
Flew. Your Grandfather of famous memory,
If your Grace be remembred,
Is do good ſeruice in France.
King. Tis true *Flewellen.*
Flew. Your Maieſty ſayes very true.
And it pleaſe your Maieſty,
The Welſhmen there was do good ſeruice,
In a Garden where Leekes did grow,
And I thinke your Maieſty will take no ſcorne,
To weare a Leeke in your cap vpon S. Dauies day.
King. No Flewellen, for I am Welſh as well as you.
Flew. All the water in Wye will not waſh your welch
Blood out of you: God keepe it, and preſerue it,
To his graces will and pleaſure.
King. Thankes good Countrey-man.
Flew. By Ieſu I am your Maieſties Countryman, (man.
I care not who kno it, ſo long as your maieſty is an honeſt
King. God keepe me ſo. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the ſcattered French,

Exit Heralds

Call